

## THE BOX-TUNNEL—A FACT.

A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers of these two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly-marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose, for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending gray dress, buttoned to the throat, with long-sleeved buttons, and a Scotch shawl that gracefully evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck—so tight her plain features fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a soupcon of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a goodly specimen of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-rosa pig-tails, on which soul is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice his clothes, did not stick or hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for his vanity, he was inordinate, was in his proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have none in a word, he was what one often hears of than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend did not clearly wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis a vis*, and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, but ten pounds to three, that he who was going with us to Bath, and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough, the party was reduced to three; at Twyford, one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Doliguan fell on it like a tiger, and returned to it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading, the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a *Times* and a *Punch*; the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and wood cuts, Valor and beauty designed to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now, laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon, he was a talking match at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Doliguan—he handed them out—he souped them—he heughed-chickened them—he brandied and cooched one; and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader had it been you or I, the beauty would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does one slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, might face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a pop, Adonis, dragon—so Venus remained *a tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empress, how expressive, he becomes; such was Doliguan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demure and demure. Presently our Captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box-Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box-Tunnel?" inquired the lady. "Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it's gentlemen's joke."

"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly, if it makes me laugh."

Captain Doliguan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: A lady and her husband sat together, going through the Box-Tunnel. There was a gentleman opposite, and it was pitch dark. After the tunnel had been passed through, the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!" "I did no such thing." "You didn't?" "No, why?" "Why, because some how I thought you did!"

Here Captain Doliguan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. "Ah!"

Doliguan. "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn. "I am frightened."

Doliguan, (moving to her side.) "Pray do not be alarmed I'm near you."

Miss Haythorn. "You are near me, very near me indeed, Captain Doliguan."

Doliguan. "You know my name!"

Miss Haythorn. "I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Doliguan. "I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady!"

Miss Haythorn. "Nonsense."

Doliguan. "Pweep!"

(Overt reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn. "Eel Eel Oh!"

Fried. "What's the matter, dear?"

Miss Haythorn. "Open the door open the door!"

fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath, our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossibilities must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot, a look of gentle blessing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Doliguan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which made it impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanly word or action, as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Doliguan told this gentlemanly story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are thirty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it for that, sir."

Lot the diabolical in human perfectibility know that this dragon, capable of a bluish, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first danger. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady half in person of attractions to the idea he had formed of George Doliguan, as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision, a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes.

—another look: "It can't be!" "Yes it is!"

Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name) but what an apothecary!

The duck had become a peacock—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful, and almost twice as large, as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely, she made him ill, and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing; but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him. She did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman was particularly assiduous, she smiled on him. Doliguan was ugly, but she smiled on him. Doliguan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Doliguan at last found himself injured: "Who was this man and what right had he to go on so!" "He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly. Doliguan could not prove it, but he felt somehow that the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit, and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked, endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward accident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crest fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest parade. Doliguan did the same; he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment. For all this, she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone. Then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know!"

"She must not bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be." They parted, and Doliguan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Doliguan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragon was rewarded by learning there was a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell on him when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box-Tunnel, that Captain Doliguan called one day

upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by voluntary listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and, in the usual way, asked permission to pay his address to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter Deck; when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, "It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical command, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Doliguan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness that encouraged him; then consciousness deepened into confusion; then consciousness, she cried, and then she staid again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other.

A reasonable time after this, (for my tale is mercurial, and skips formalities and torturing delays,) these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Doliguan was dressed just as before, duck-like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from under her long eye-lashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, then you remember the Box-Tunnel?"

(This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10, with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies; and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you," was the demur reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet! How singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did, you should be my husband dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then, who brought that action against me?"

"Mrs. Doliguan looked down."

"I was afraid you was forgetting me!"

"Sweet angel! why were is the Box-Tunnel?"

"Now, reader—flee! not so such thing. You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time you come to a dark place; besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people; no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!"

A Singular Suicide.

In the little town of Dover, which is situated on the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee, there lived, some time ago, an eccentric and intemperate old bachelor by the name of Kingston. On one occasion, when prostrated on his bed by excess and suffering acutely from those things and horrors peculiar to his situation, he sent for one of his old boon companions to come and visit him. Shylock for that was the other's name, came duly into Kingston's room.

"What's the matter, Kingston?"

"Shylock, what the do?"

"Yes my dear fellow."

"Lock it."

"Eh?"

"Lock the door."

"Certainly my dear boy."

"Shylock, I'm going to kill myself!"

"My dear fellow, let me entreat you not to do it!"

"No, no—oblige me, and don't."

"Must do it."

"Don't it'll be the death of you!"

Shylock was quite cool and jocular, little dreaming that so terrible an event was actually going to take place.

Kingston had, as the last eccentric act of his life, taken a chisel and mallet to bed with him, and now, with desperate resolve, he seized the extraordinary tools of death, and in a instant drove the blade of his chisel into his breast.

The hair rose upon Shylock's head, and fright spread like a sheet of snow over his face.

"Kingston! Kingston! my dear fellow—you do—I raise Kingston! do you want to have me hung? Hold on! don't you die till I call somebody!"

Shylock ran to the door and called like a madman to some people across the street:

"Hallo! here! say, mister! all you stupid people! make haste over here, or there will be a murder."

The people crowded into Kingston's house.

"Don't die, Kingston! Don't chisel me that way! Don't die till you tell them who did it!"

"I did it myself," said Kingston, faintly.

"There, that'll do; now, my dear fellow, you may die," replied Shylock, taking a long breath and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

And Kingston did die, in that extraordinary manner, leaving his fate to be recorded as a suicide, that was almost a murder.

LECTURE AT THE ATHENÆUM.—We had the pleasure, last evening, of hearing a most interesting lecture from Dr. Thomas Curtis, the accomplished Principal of the Limestone Springs School. His topic was *The Anglo-American*, well treated. The lecturer spoke with the force, directness and business of a regular John Bull, and (unhappily) what is now very common—original reflections.

He showed himself well versed in both English and American history, and exhibited the fruits of study and deep thought.

He commenced by saying that he felt himself to some extent qualified to speak on the theme proposed, inasmuch as he had lived one-half of his life in England, and the other half in America, and was, therefore, able to speak of the merits and demerits of both countries. He next stated the prominent characteristics of each country—the love of novelty here, and the love of antiquity there—the enterprise here, and the conservatism there, &c., &c. Next, he contrasted the distinguished men in politics. Observing that Washington was intemperate, and could have no rivals near his throne—he contrasted, in a highly interesting, if not convincing manner, Jefferson with Calhoun; Clay with Burke; Calhoun with Fox; Webster with William Pitt. The lecturer then concluded by saying that he had intended to institute a comparison between the representative men in the military and religious, as well as the political, department, but that he would reserve his remarks for a more convenient season.

We would here express our regret that there was not a larger audience present, as we are sure that Dr. Curtis' lecture was very entertaining and instructive as well as suggestive.

[Columbia Carolinian 15th.

## A Fortunate Kiss.

The following little story by Miss Bremer, taken from *Sartain's Magazine*. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible.

"In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala chatting away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young, elegant lady who was at the side of an elderly one, walking slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration, "Well, I tried I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place before all your eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Well if she will give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I?" "And I?" cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so an improbable event; and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain but singularly good-looking at the same time) our hero immediately walked off to the young lady, and said: (main froben "my fortune is in your hand.") She looked at him in astonishment but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science; and from the happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

Early Administration of Justice.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, and before the dim clouds of that great strife had rolled off, times were troublous and unsettled. Violence was in the land, and the thief and the robber were very open in their operations. It was found necessary in Fairfield, to institute a Committee of Public Safety, with unlimited powers. Sometimes, it must be confessed, this Committee enforced their decisions with great vigor, if not cruelty; for as the man said about Gen. Jackson, and in justification of his conduct in relation to the six militia men, "they were a punctual set." Two very well supposed thieves established themselves at J—R—s, who resided on a branch of the Wateree creek, a few miles from Winstboro. During their stay at Mrs. R—s, J—R—s' house was broken open, and his trunk riddled of a piece of calico and other articles. He complained to the Committee of Public Safety. The crime was saddled at once on Mrs. R—s' guests, right or wrong. The Committee decreed that Mrs. R—s should receive 500 lashes, and her daughter, said to be affianced to one of the thieves, was sentenced to receive 75 lashes. It was further decreed that her house should be burned down, her children bound out, and that John—should be amply indemnified, out of her estate, for all his losses. The decree was punctually enforced. One of the persons, who became, in aftertimes, eminent in Fairfield, who assisted in carrying out the decree of the Committee, used to relate, to the life, the whole horrid affair. He spoke of the flagellation of old Mrs. R—s, her daughter, and her subsequent ducking in the Wateree creek. He said she was beautiful, and her skin as white as snow. Being asked how he could participate in such a transaction, his reply was, "The times were dreadful. I feel no misgiving for the part I took; and if you had been there, you would have heartily concurred in measures, which seem now, in these days of peace and sunshine, so rigorous and cruel."

So soon as the country courts were instituted, after all this, J—R—s—commented an action for damages against the poor old J—R—s for the loss of his calico and other articles. Gen. Minn was the presiding Judge, when the case was reached, in a regular call of the docket of causes; the General ordered the clerk to stop. Descending from the bench, he took J—R—s by the lapel, led him to the rear of Kemp Strother's tavern, called for hickories, commenced on *holts* hickory. J—s said nothing, but "pray sir," "Oh, do sir." At this time the General halted from his labor to take breath, and in these intervals he repeated, "We ordered the old woman to receive 500 lashes, which she got, her daughter

to receive 75 lashes, which she received, and a half drowning extra—the old woman's house to be burned down, her children to be bound out, and you to be indemnified for your losses out of her estate. The order was carried into effect, and good people say, you did not know when to stop taking her cattle and now you old miscreant! you come into court for damages. Take that sir!"

Having with rage, and panting from over exertion the General returned into court, took his seat, upon the bench and gave a peremptory order to the Clerk to strike that case from the docket. So the case was decided, and never was one in the whole annals of jurisprudence so decided. The General was impelled from a strong source of justice but how awkward and miserable the application.

N—R—s was indicted for stealing Delany Carrell's bow. On trial, Delany and his wife swore "like our army in Flanders." In truth there was no reliable evidence against R—s. When the jury had received their charge, Benjamin McGraw the Foreman, made a short address to his brethren. "Boys, said he, there is no proof against Nick, but he is a bad fellow any how, and it is said he whips his mother; let us find him guilty, for thirty-nine will do him a great service." The jury returned into the court with the verdict of guilty, and Nicholas, whether for his benefit or not in the long run, but certainly for his present discomfit, received his thirty-nine well laid on.

"Sometime after this, old Mrs. McTyre, a highly respectable lady brought an action of slander against the same N—R—s. When the case was called, the Judges of the county court were unanimous in ordering a non-suit, on the ground that N—R—s' tongue was no slander."

Gen. Robert Anderson was at one time presiding Judge in Pendleton. A man was tried before him who was known to be a character of the very worst sort. The evidence was insufficient, and the jury, sorely against their will, were compelled to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Gen. Anderson moved his finger to the Sheriff and brought him up, "take sir (said he) the prisoner on the Georgia side and give him time and thirty;" the suggestion was forthwith attended to.

[Carolina Times.

Work for the Month.

HOGS AND PORK MAKING.—Your hogs for making pork should be fat early this month, so that they may be gotten up into close pens, preparatory for pork-making, as the first cold, frosty weather that comes toward the close of this month, should be taken advantage of for this important business. All experience has proved that it is good economy in this climate to make bacon early. One pound of good fat bacon raised at home, is worth to the cotton planter three pounds raised in Kentucky. We wish our planters understood the rationale of this home philosophy.

The stock of the plantation should be carefully provided for. Good stall and houses, with comfortable pens or lots, at which they may receive their food to the best advantage, will handsomely compensate the trouble and expense. The stock of every kind may be kept fat upon much less food, besides the very large amount of valuable compost manure that may in this way be collected and saved for the plantation.

COMPOST MANURE.—The gathering of the crop will soon be over, when much may be done, and valuably done too, in preparing for and making compost manure. Remember that there is nothing upon the plantation—if it will decay—but that will add to the fertility of your soil. All the litter and leaves that fall in the yard from your shade trees, the ashes from the wood you burn, the bones from the kitchen, the blood and other offal from the pig, hogs and beavers, the chips from the wood pile, and indeed, all the vegetable litter about the place should be thrown into the compost heap, and the sods every week, if not otherwise used upon your fruit trees, should be poured over the compost heap. The litter from woods, briars, and other brushwood, from the jaws of your fences, may and should also be used in the same way. And litter from the forests, that prolific source of vegetable matter, all fibrous, at will and in any quantity. We have been quite interested of late, as well as amused, with the philosophy of some of our good friends, who suppose they have discovered such wonderful fertilizing qualities in green crops, pea stubble and grain stubble, ploughed into the same soil from which the crop has been gathered, and yet seem to think that leaves and litter from the forest, valueless, or not worth the trouble of hauling. We ask our readers to study this subject well, and be not deceived by a philosophy and led into a system of semi-fertilizing your generous soil, that has nothing to recommend it but its simple convenience. Don't understand us now as condemning this conveniently valuable practice of ameliorating your soil; far, very far from it. We highly commend it, we have for fifteen years practised it, and still do it but we do not rely upon it to make our land rich. Land from which crops of cotton, peas and corn are taken annually, cannot be kept up even, much less fertilized, by this system alone. The deception lies certainly in the use of the better implements and deeper ploughing necessary to be used and practiced by the planter thus ploughing in his stubble, than is necessary to be used by the planter who first, before ploughing, burns, and otherwise disposes of his stubble and stalks. Therein is a real advantage—better ploughing and deeper ploughing, will increase really your crops for a time. You may increase your crops in this way till you have exhausted the perfection of implements, and ploughed as deep as land can be ploughed, but having reached that point, your crops must fail every succeeding year just in the proportion that the elements of fertility are removed in the grain-seed, etc., of the crops, (the allowance made for atmosphere, rain and electric influences), taken from the soil. We may be told that this process would improve the crops for a long time; we grant it, perhaps a century! by extraordinary and expensive implements and labor, but nevertheless, the certainly disastrous results will come! European agriculture has proved the fact but too truly. No farmer there now relies any longer upon this system for improvement; they practice it, it is true, as we do, and ever expect to do, as auxiliary to the true philosophy, to add to the soil a real fertilizer proportionate to the crop we expect to gather from the soil. This is the only system that will improve the fertility and the productive capacity of the soil, and never fail.—*Soil of the South, &c.*

## Horticultural Work for November.

There is little to be done in the vegetable kingdom this month, but too much in the fruit orchard and flower yard. Those who would plant trees or shrubs, should remember that fall planting will forward the tree a year over spring planting. Peas, apples, peaches, strawberries, and grapes should be planted out now. In the flower yard, all the bulbs should be taken up, separated and replanted. Chinese peonies should now be separated and replanted. We find Dutch bulbs and Chinese peonies to bloom best in a sandy soil. Cuttings of flowering shrubbery may now be put out with almost as much certainty of their living and striking root, as budded or grafted plants. The soil around all hardy shrubs should be removed this month, and renewed with virgin earth from the woods and swamps. Fruit trees will also be greatly benefited by this application. Now is the time to lay out the grounds for flowers and shrubbery. It is bad policy to wait until Spring as the plant cannot bloom as perfectly when removed with its feeders all alive to nourishment for the swelling bud, as when removed with buds and root in a comparatively dormant state. We know of no set rules for laying out ornamental grounds. Every thing will depend on locality and the surrounding. The taste of the proprietor must dictate how it shall be done. Our rural population are sadly at fault in the arrangement of their grounds and dwellings. Surely the spot that we are the most familiar with—scenes that we daily and hourly look upon, should be arranged with taste and beauty. Every homestead in this natural land of flowers, should not only be provided with the substantial comforts but should blossom as the rose. And how will this ever become a general feature of the country, unless a taste for the beautiful in nature is cultivated. Fruit trees are not only highly ornamental, but useful. They furnish what may be termed the pastry of food, and should be cultivated by every hand holder. A cottage embowered in fruit and flowers, makes a more favorable impression upon the traveler, than a palatial mansion with no surroundings of beauty. The one is but the purchased skill of the architect. The other, the natural taste and skill of the occupant. Many are deterred from planting ornamental trees and shrubs, from the expense. But there is a way, there is a way. First, learn how easily almost every plant strikes root from cuttings, and how rapidly trees grow from seeds, and they will find that it takes but a very few years to start an orchard, an avenue, or a parterre, with but a very limited means. Stone fruit seeds should be planted now. Seeds of forest trees, both evergreen and deciduous, should be planted now. A beautiful grove of our native pines may be raised from seeds in ten years. Cedars large enough for hedges may be grown from seeds in two years. Magnolias may be grown from seeds on the uplands, where they would not live transplanted. Ornamental trees grow so rapidly from seeds in this climate, that it is almost superfluous to plant standards. First, arrange the grounds, and then plant the seeds where the trees are to stand.—*Soil of the South, &c.*

SINGING IN SPURGEON'S CHURCH.—The prayer concluded, Mr. Spurgeon gave out the well known hymn, beginning—

"Blessed Jehovah's awful throne."

He read it through, having first announced that the tune would be the "Old Hundred," and then read each verse separately before it was sung. It is scarcely possible to give any idea of the sublime effect produced by those ten thousand voices, as they swelled the massive harmonies of that grand tune with a fullness of breath rarely heard. After singing the second verse, Mr. Spurgeon said, "I will read the third verse, and you will sing the fourth, and let the up-lifting of your voices be as the sound of many waters!" His audience responded to his wish. The words of the verse were:

"Well crown'd Thy gates, with thankful songs;—

"High as the heavens our voices raise;

"At earth, with ten thousand tongues, we praise;

"Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise."

Most magnificent was the shout of praise that now went up. Not a voice was mute, save where occasionally some one's nerves were overpowered by the massive rolling chorus that rose on every side. Never did we realize what congregational singing might become. It was an uplifting of voice and heart, such as one can hope to hear only a few times in the course of life. Much of this grand effect was no doubt owing to the majesty of the tune itself—much to the fact that all the congregation knew it—and perhaps not a little to the practice of reading each verse before it was sung, a practice we have always thought a poor and those who cannot read.

BLACK VERSION.—The legend concerning the color of Adam and Eve's skin, and the causes of the different varieties of shade and complexion now observable and among men are more numerous than the varieties themselves. The following, which takes it for granted that all the inhabitants of the earth before the time of the deluge were black, and attributes these varieties to the sons of Noah, is new to us, and may, perhaps, amuse some of our